

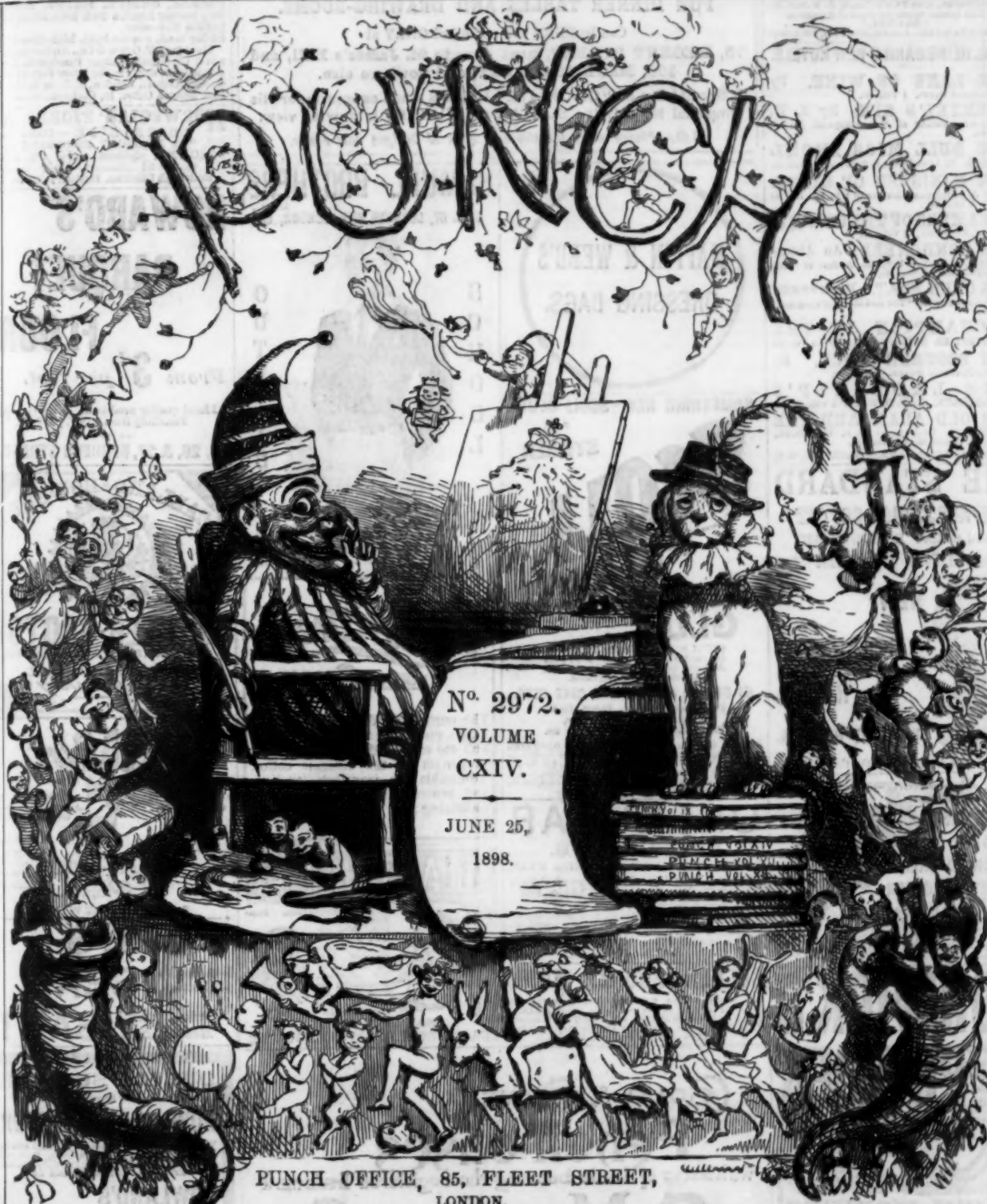
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Eruptions. Bottles, 2s. and 4s.

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and Chemists for ROWLAND'S ARTICLES.





"VERY COLD WIND TO-DAY, MRS. TUBBS.

"YES, SIR, IT IS. BUT IT SUITS ME—IT'S SO EMBRACING!"

### "OUTINGS."

SAYS the *Daily Telegraph*, June 15, "In France, Germany, Holland, and Switzerland, the comfort of the English tourist is to be studied as it has never been studied before." Time is money. Save time, you save money. Say a minute equals a sovereign; i.e., sixty pounds per hour. By the night service, per Bâle, Berne, and Coire, we are to save five hours. That is, taking the above estimate, a saving of three hundred pounds in one journey. Then, having done so much for the traveller, the London, Chatham and Dover Railway Company works another wonder, for, between Switzerland and Victoria "it abolishes night!" No necessity to go to the land of the Aurora Borealis for a lengthy day: all you have to do is, come home from Switzerland, and, en route, there is no night!

But, for a short trip that will cheer the worn and weary Londoner, there is a 4.20 from Calais, which will reach the latter at 7.45 (or, may be, a trifle earlier), when, if you have no luggage, and are of a decided character, you will have about twenty-five minutes clear for snack-and-whistle-wetter, a small cup of coffee, and then cigar, pipe, or cigarette in mouth, you can depart rejoicing by the 8.25 boat, and will arrive (L. C. & "D. V.") at Victoria by 11.40 of the clock, so that in twenty minutes, should your residence be handy, you may be tucked up in your own little cot and enjoying "that repose, which innocence, virtue," and the tired traveller, "only knows."

The S. E. Co. is going on the same lines, so to speak, or, at all events, similar ones, as, says the *D. T.*, jubilantly (the writer of that article evidently enjoys the idea of getting away for a holiday, and revels in the facilities for doing so), the Weary Worker can start from Charing Cross at 2.45, snack, nay, almost "dine," but that's a big word, at Boulogne about 7, and start to return to his Penates and Lares (whom he leaves at home, and who will be so glad, if they're awake, to welcome him back) at 7.50 from Boulogne quay. Isn't this good news for those who love the "transit"—(the Latin adverb is purposely omitted as being unpleasantly suggestive), and who glory in rapidity of action and poetry of motion?

### DOCTORED!

SIR HENRY IRVING, be-knighted and be-doctor'd, is now LL.D., of Cambridge, and is, therefore, a degree better than he was before. He is now a Doctor of the "Drama's Laws," and was described in glowing terms by the Public Orator, Dr. SANDYS (the C. SANDYS of Cambridge SANDYS), who was not gruelled for lack of words or ideas, as "*Agendi et dicendi artifex peritissimus*," and was complimented as one who would have been "*amicus Ciceronis*" (had Sir HENRY been HENRICUS IRVINGIUS, Eques), and on the most amicable terms with his two Ciceronian contemporaries, "ROSCIUS and ÆSOPUS." Whereupon Sir HENRICUS was heard to mutter softly to himself, "How he soap us!" Then there was great cheering, and the popular manager and actor, likewise Rede Lecturer, although humbly classing himself by Act of Parliament (14 Eliz. ch. 5) with SHAKSPEARE as "a rogue, vagabond, and sturdie beggar," knelt low to receive the Honorary Degree to which, as well as to many other honours, his life of honest, earnest work, of high aims and straightest and directest ways to attain them, has justly entitled him.

Sir HENRY IRVING we greet with applause,  
At Cambridge they've made you a Doctor of Laws;  
Dr. Punch grants you more as a great "man of parts,"  
He declares you to be a true "Master of Hearts."

More power to the elbow of the well-graced actor, HENRICUS IRVINGIUS, Eques, Doctissimus!

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

OF Collections and Recollections (SMITH, ELDER), my Baronite greatly prefers the "Recollections." Almost any one with wide range of reading, and average literary ability, could have made the "Collections." To few has been given opportunity for musing over the "Recollections." One Who Has Kept a Diary (who can he be?) has not only enjoyed, on intimate terms, the personal acquaintance of men like Earl RUSSELL, Lord SHAFTESBURY, Cardinal MANNING, Lord HOUGHTON, Mr. GLADSTONE, and Mr. C. P. VILLIERS, but he has the gift of drawing out veterans to talk of men and monarchs they have met. Thus we get at first hand, with further reach, touch with notable men of earlier generations. "One Who Has," &c. (a parious long title; much more convenient to give a name, or even four initials), is endowed with varied gifts for the work undertaken. He has a keen eye for character, quick sympathy with humour, writes admirably, and, as mentioned, has, by the accidents of birth and fortune, enjoyed rare range of opportunity. Much has been written about Lord HOUGHTON, Cardinal MANNING, and Lord SHAFTESBURY. "One Who," &c., in a few pages presents new and vivid portraiture. He has a rich store of good stories, and they lose nothing in the telling. But, like CHAUCER,

who left half told  
The story of Cambuscan bold,

"One," &c., stops short of not the least interesting part of his story. He should tell us his name.

RICHARD MARSH has written not a few stories more interesting than the one bearing the attractive title of *Tom Ossington's Ghost* (JAMES BOWDEN). "Alas, poor ghost!" very poor ghost. There is a ghost, so much the Baron confidently guarantees; but for not one of the personages in whom the ghost appears to be interested will the reader, unless he differs in his tastes from the majority of readers, care one ghostly dump. The idea of the ghost is there, but 'tis only the ghost of an idea, and—well—the Baron, as ghostly adviser, will say no more on the subject.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

FORECASTS OF DRAMA.—It is rumoured, says Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, in his entertaining and instructive *Daily Telegraphian* article, "Drama of the Day" (and night as well), "that one of the great effects in the Drury Lane Autumn drama" is to be a scene in a balloon. The hero and heroine, or the heroine and the villain, the stars of the piece, will be up ever so high, and, like some pictures at the Academy, will be "skied." However, it is uncertain, and in any case, the promised effect is, as Mr. SCOTT says of the sometime-forthcoming Adelphi drama, "*in nubibus*."

THE CORNER CORNERED.—"No man will lose a penny through me," Mr. LEITER is reported to have said to an interviewer. There is another and an unpleasant way of reading this statement. However, the trembling speculator may construe it hopefully, and retire to rest with a LEITER heart.



**THE GRAND ANGLO-FRENCH BOUNDARY ACT.**

*(Scene in the Niger Circus.)*

[Last Friday the Niger Convention between France and England was signed.]

## CORONATION DAY. VICTORIA R.I.

JUNE 28, 1838-1898.

A HOLIDAY! A Holiday!  
 This Day of Coronation!  
 Though sixty years have passed away,  
 A Day of Jubilation!  
 Dynastio thrones are lost and dead,  
 Republics risen from the red,  
 Thy diadem still lifts ahead  
 Its glory to the nation!  
 A Holiday! A Holiday  
 Of British Federation  
 Of peoples, who can boast Thy sway,  
 And bless Thy consecration!  
 From land to land, from sea to sea,  
 Thy banner flies above the free,  
 And gem by gem they make for Thee  
 A Crown of Love that all may see,  
 On this rare Ruby Jubilee,  
 Thy world-wide Coronation!

## THE LADIES AT LORD'S.

OLD STYLE—EARLY SIXTIES.

SCENE—*The Ground and its Accessories.*  
*Superior Creature.* Really very pleasant.  
*Weaker Sex.* Oh! charming. So delightful having luncheon *al fresco*. The lobster salad was capital.

*S. C.* Very good. And the champagne really drinkable.

*W. S.* And our chat has been so interesting, Captain SMOLTORK.

*S. C.* So pleased. And now, what do you think of the cricket.

*W. S.* Oh! I haven't time to think of the cricket.

NEW STYLE—LATE NINETIES.

SCENE—*The Same.*

*Mere Man.* Really rather nice.

*Stronger Sex.* Quite nice. Capital game, too. Up to county form. That last over was perfect bowling.

*M. M.* Yes; and the batting was well above the average.

*S. S.* Tol-ish. And really, when I come to think of it, Mr. SMOLTORK-GOSSIP, you have been also entertaining.

*M. M.* Proud and honoured! And now, what do you think about the luncheon?

*S. S.* Oh! I haven't time to think about the luncheon.

## CONCERNING INFECTION.

[Dr. KOCH declares that malarial fevers are solely propagated by the bites of mosquitoes.]

HAIL, Dr. KOCH! whose lore explains

The secret of malarial banes,

Fever and ague,

As coming, not from evil airs,

But from mosquitoes, unawares,

That bite and plague you.

Most welcome doctrine, since poor man,  
 Unblushingly, henceforward can—

Taught by such teachers—

Throw all the fault, for the distress

He owes but to his carelessness,

On lower creatures.

At measles, then, and whooping-cough,

Or scarlatina we may scoff,

No longer cowards,

Holding their propagation springs

From wandering flies' insidious stings,

Or "Norfolk Howards."

And children of a larger growth

Shall to your science (nothing loth)

Henceforth submit them,

Till dipsomaniacs, losing shame,

Will for the future only blame

"The dog that bit them."



## AT THE DENTIST'S.

"YOU'LL BE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL, AND TAKE THE GAS, WON'T YOU, KITTY!"  
 "OH, MAMMY, MAYN'T I HAVE ELECTRIC LIGHT!"

## MADDER MATINÉE HATS.

Oh! ladies with towering hats,  
 I am a diminutive man,  
 I see your fine feathers, and that's  
 The utmost I possibly can.

I go very rarely, it's true,  
 To *matinées* anywhere; though  
 I might enjoy looking at you,  
 I don't care to see your *chapeaux*.

But Messrs. PINERO and CARR  
 Have started quite lately a play  
 With head-dresses towering far  
 Above the small things of to-day.

The *Beauty Stone*, there you will see  
 Some types of the *matinée* hat.

Green with envy you'll certainly be,  
 Compared with them yours are quite flat.

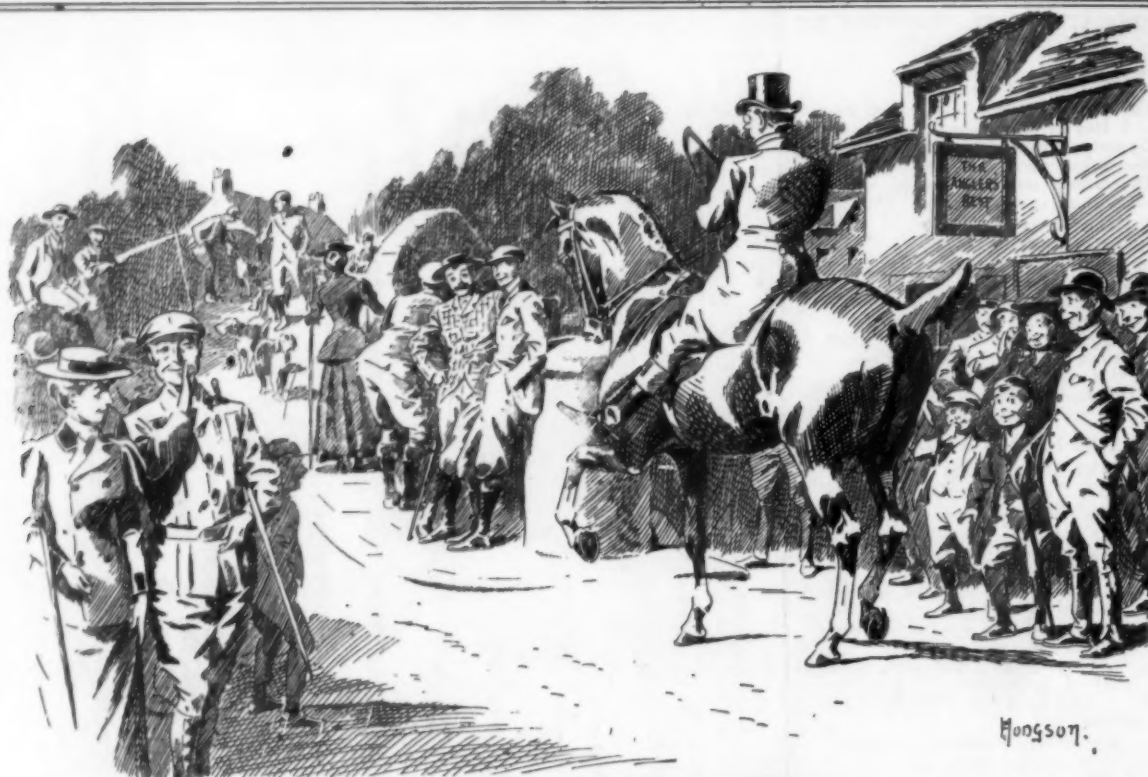
Good gracious! suppose you should try  
 To follow that fashion as well!  
 We give you some inches, then why  
 Not measure your hats by the ell?

Your headgear is mad anyhow;  
 I've already explained that I'm small,  
 I cannot see much even now,  
 I then should see nothing at all.

FLORICULTURAL NOTE BY OUR OWN IRRE-  
 PRESSIBLE ONE (by foreign post-card).—

Q. What flower combines the voice of the  
 bird and the cat? A. The lark-pur(r).





SENSATIONAL ARRIVAL OF MR. GILDERSON BOOMSTOCK (THE NEWEST SOUTH AFRICAN MILLIONAIRE) AT SPATELY BRIDGE TO MEET THE OTTER HOUNDS!

### "THE RING" AND THE BOOK.

Thursday, June 9.—*Siegfried*. Brünnhilde, anticipating sex-theory of Herr SCHENK, had arranged for *Siegfried* to be a male child. Since yesterday has been born all right, and grown to a fine strapping boy of about forty-five summers. Prototype of HORATIO NELSON, he knows no fear, and plays with wild bears and things. Finds society a little limited in cave of his grotesque adopted parent, *Mime*, and would like to have a nice sword and see the world, being in rude health.

Like Perseus, *Mime* has designs on local dragon, but would prefer the boy to do it for him. So he goes on making German swords that break as soon as you look at them. Presently grand-papa *Wotan* comes in and they have a conundrum match. Belongs to Travellers' Club, and takes liberty of wandering a little from text. Tells *Mime* that what he wants for his weapon is a fearless forger, like *Jim the Penman*. Finally retires, after receiving limelight full on blind eye, which gives *Mime* the panics.

On recovering, latter puts *Siegfried* through sharp *civd voce* on topic of Fear, of which the untutored boy's ignorance is quite unique. So he is put to the bellows, where he develops into a rattling good Harmonious Blacksmith, and turns out sword with such an edge on it that it slices the property-anvil in two at first time of asking.

Herr BREUER, as *Mime*, not made up to look beautiful; but gets the last ounce of meaning out of music as difficult as a man could desire. Even makes me believe that WAGNER himself might sometimes be humorous of malice prepense.

In Second Act, *Siegfried* goes to flesh his new blade in ribs of *Fafner*, proprietor of Rhine-gold, who, for private reasons, not disclosed, has assumed shape of first-class dragon. Bird sings ventriloquially in pleasance outside front-door of *Fafner's* cave. *Siegfried* looks about trees for it. I could easily have told him where it was. Not on bough at all, but inside a *Cor Anglais* just under my nose in orchestra.

M. JEAN DE RESZKE now makes a penny whistle out of artificial reed, and tries to compete with bird; but gets discouraged, his talent being rather vocal than instrumental. Admits defeat in following frank terms:—

Bird, I will own  
My ear is bad;  
Thy call ill it has caught!—

In shame I am lost  
As he lurkingly listens,  
I know he learns from me n'thing.

Audible sensation through house on appearance of titillative dragon. Only men unaffected are *Siegfried* and leading members of WAGNER Society. Dragon has a green railway-signal (for "caution") in each eye-socket. Thing sticking straight up out of his lower front teeth is not brace of carrots but forked tongue. Mouth opens so wide that I can see internal arrangement of green signal at back of optic nerve. Confess to be disappointed in dragon's agility; particularly as regards his tail, which does hardly any of the stage-directions in my Text-Book. *Fafner* ought to know something of the prize Ring, but is obviously short of training, and goes down early in first round, signalling defeat by turning off green light of eye. Soft thing for *Siegfried*, whose sword comes out of fight dry as a bone, though he gets a little blood on hands, which he wipes with tongue. Cannot explain connection of ideas, but effect of this is to make bird up tree sing songs with words instead of without. It is Fräulein VON ARTNER who does it. Never, since the hoopoe business in *Birds* of ARISTOPHANES at Cambridge have I heard better imitation of inspired fowl. Ah! how she filled with honey all the grove!

Ολον κατεμελίωσε την λοχμήν δλην,

as I remarked to one of Faithful on my left. "Hush!" was his reply.

*Siegfried*, taking wrinkle from bird, declines to drink deadly grog offered by *Mime*. Has tasted blood, and in fit of creative art, as DE QUINCEY's Toad-in-the-Hole would say, puts sword through foster-father. Curtain falls on spirited duet between bird and DE RESZKE, former doing smart bit of work on invisible wire across stage.

During interval, observed our new musical novelist in lobby; face lit up with high hope (since realised) that Messrs. W. H. SMITH would secure success of work by boycotting it.

Third Act brings on *Wal-father*, determined that his daughter Brünnhilde shall still remain Wal-flower. *Siegfried*, however, not to be denied. After a few preliminary cuts in text, severs the old gentleman's spear; and passes on to stir up sleeping beauty. Indignation among Parisians at expurgation of original WAGNER.

Shall myself interview management, and write letter of complaint to Press; but having complimentary ticket, do not care to ask for money back at doors. Am further shocked to find scene of *Brünnhilde's* trance completely changed during last half-century. Fresh background, bed higher up stage, and fresh lady lying on plane inclined at fresh angle.

Cannot understand how *Siegfried* mistakes Madame NORDICA, in that dress, for a man. Where are the greaves of which my Book speaks? Another insult to the WAGNER Society!

Awful pause, while *Brünnhilde* comes to with long, wooden gestures, and total disregard of suitor just behind her. Subsequently her passionate appeals to auditorium leave *Siegfried* very bored. Most unfortunate commencement to courtship: which, nevertheless, ends happily enough, with brilliant finale and complete understanding between lover and maiden aunt.

*Saturday, 4 p.m.—Götterdämmerung.* Twilight of gods falls rather early for time of year. Scene opens with tootling of three Norns (not horns, as the *Standard* has it). The plot, till now a trifle thin, begins to curdle. Briefly, *Siegfried*, after honeymoon in midst of fiery furnace, sallies out in search of distraction; pledges his gold hoop in exchange for wife's horse; drinks in bad company; commits bigamy; is further charged with marrying first wife over again, second wife being still alive; is murdered in small of back; waves his arm about ten minutes afterwards; and finally proceeds to Walhalla by way of pyre.

JEAN DE RESZKE, after most unkindest cuts given and received by self and brother in last play, feels naturally indisposed. Herr DIPPEL, having got up part over-night without rehearsal, does himself great credit in a shirt that looks like "love's last shift." Chief credit, however, for unrehearsed effects goes to stagecarpenters, not in programme, though they are discovered on stage just as curtain rises, and retreat with modest haste. Carrier-ravens, on beat between Gibichung Court and Walhalla, do some wonderful trapeze-work. Will speak of behaviour of junior bird after manner of "alliterative verse of the original":—

Fat was the one,  
And wasted his fellow;  
On his back the latter  
Lay for a bit and bucked;  
While the fatuous wire  
Wobbled and faltered;

Till by a tug  
Judiciously jerked,  
Rather behind  
On the route to Walhalla,  
Into the fies' he  
Finally exult.

Similar unruliness shewn by *Brünnhilde's* good old horse, who refuses to take hedge of fire, and has to be hauled off by stable-super; mistress having already thought better of "swinging herself stormily" on to his back as my Book of Words recommends. Then, again, roof of Gibichung Court, fixed up loosely so as to be ripe for concluding catastrophe, keeps slipping off the mark before the signal, and has to be propped up in place. Under trying circumstances, Madame NORDICA, though not an ideal *Brünnhilde*, sings courageously, but is a little inclined to direct her remarks to the Wal-gallery. Frau SCHUMANN HEINK indispensable throughout the Cycle, whether as Norn or Valkyrie, *Erda* or Rhine-nymph. But *MOTILLEIN!* is the final call. So ends, with many defects, not all avoidable, a great performance; and

"Justifiably golden, rounds my Ring."

Intermediate Cycle, now on, is distinguished (1) by freedom from expurgation, (2) by total absence of THE STALLED OX.

#### SALVE CALVÉ!

*Thursday last, at Covent Garden.—Enfin!* Madame Calvé, as *Marguerite*, in Gounod's ever-popular *Faust*, when a brilliantly-filled house over and over again summoned Madame Calvé to receive its enthusiastic plaudits. It was for Calvé a veritable triumph. But—the "but" must come in—was it the true *Marguerite*? As to singing, yes. As to acting, yes, with a qualification. Calvé does not allow herself to look the part. Madame Calvé is a "fine and large" woman (which tells against her as the maiden still in her early teens), doubly "fine and large" when viewed side by side with so elegant and so slightly-built a lover as is Monsieur SALEZA. Why, one playful slap from the lily-white (over-bismuth'd) hand of the substantial *Fraülein* would send the poor gentleman into the middle of next month! To balance this young woman, a *Faust* of JOHN DE RESZKE's proportions is required.

In the two earlier scenes, that is, from her first entrance to the end of the garden scene, Madame Calvé's *Marguerite* suggests a *mädchen* "with a past," for most certainly she seems to be "one who knows." She has the demure air of a full-blown *Sainte Nitouche*, and one's pity is excited, not for her, but for the inexperienced noodle who falls in love with her. As for Madame Calvé's "business," which it is our business to note most carefully, it is admirable throughout, except where the



#### A MARTYR TO APPEARANCES.

*Young Lady.* "I SAY, CADDIE, WHAT DOES MR. MCFADJOCK DO WITH ALL THESE CLUBS?"

*Caddie* (woefully preparing to follow his tyrant). "HE MAKES ME CARRY THEM!"

composer has suited the music to the action of spinning, in the spinning-wheel situation. But Calvé, acting on the Scotch proverb of "leaving wheel alone," walks away from it and leaves it to spin a yarn by itself, if so inclined. All else is excellent.

As a matter of fact, however, our old friend *Faust* wants to be re-staged, re-dressed, and re-juvenated.

#### SIMS REEVES.

CHANGE for a Tenor! Aye, and a sad change, too, when old, pecuniarily unfortunate, the once popular favourite has to beg assistance from the "gentle public," which, having ever "supported" him, and received its *quid pro quo* for so doing, will generously do its best to support him once again and receive his grateful thanks. Let everyone who can give two fivers (more or less, according to means) for this Tenor, send them to the *Daily Telegraph* (which has started the subscription), addressed, "Hon. Sec., Dr. BECHER, 16, Montague Street, Portman Square." Much will it rejoice SIMS REEVES to receive, as a friendly, sympathetic testimonial, these genuine notes as substitutes for those he has lost for ever. SIMS REEVES is an old "Friend in Need"; let us all be his "Friends in Deed."

"GENTLEMEN v. PLAYERS."—These distinctions seem wrong. Of course, the first speaks for itself. But "Players"? Here, they are not "Stage-players," but "Cricket-players." Yet are not the Gentlemen also Players? If they are not, how unfair is the match! Why should not the term be "Amateur v. Professional Players"? A match between the Stage and the House of Commons would be so announced, and what an interesting match it would be with Sir HENRY IRVING and BEERBOHM TREE in for any number of runs, but finally bowled by ARTHUR BALFOUR, stumped by JOHN MORLEY, or caught by HARCOURT! However, this by the way.



*The Bishop of Lichbury.* "REALLY, IT'S VERY SHOCKING TO READ IN THE PAPERS SO MANY PAINFUL CASES OF WIFE-BEATING AND ASSAULT AMONG THE LABOURING CLASSES!"  
*The Rev. Mr. Simmel.* "IT IS INDEED, MY LORD. INDEED—AH—WITH YOUR LORDSHIP'S PERMISSION, ONE MIGHT ALMOST CALL THEM BELABOURING CLASSES."

#### MR. PUNCH ON THE PRESS BAZAAR.

"FLE from the Press"? Nay, gentles, come and give  
 To help our LONDON HOSPITAL to live!  
 Royal the lips that by a fair decree  
 Call on your purses—"Open, Sesame!"  
 That bid you come where rival papers  
 wrestle  
 In friendly conflict at the Hotel Cecil.  
 Here *Black and White* allures the nimble  
 nose  
 With bottled spice of every herb that blows;  
 Here at the *Morning Post*, one blaze of  
 glory,  
 You have a liberal conservatory;  
 Here brimming bowls with milk and honey  
 run  
 Under the kindly influence of the *Sun*;  
 Here the *Financial News* has on demand  
 Outlandish ore from Africa's sunny Rand;  
 Or would you local gems? then see you get  
 The native GOULD of Westminster's *Gazette*;  
 With whose attractions *Vanity Fair* will  
 vie,  
 Purveying coloured specimens of "SFX."  
 Here, too, the *Sketch*, the *Lady*, and the  
*Graphic*  
 In "special lines" conduct a roaring traffic;  
 In China, of the more artistic sort,  
 The *Daily Chronicle* keeps "open port";  
 The *Strand* and *Ladies' Field* will ask you  
 whether  
 There's anything in life compared with  
 leather.  
 While on the *Stage's* stall are lots and lots

Of gloves and kerchiefs and, in fact, what-  
 nots.

Here *Truth*, forgetful of the cause of  
 Greece,  
 Sells Turkish cigarettes, twopence a-piece;  
 And should the same be bad for little boys,  
 Then try the *Referee* for sweets and toys;  
 Here, finally, will *Mr. Punch* be found  
 Raffling his whole career, most chastely  
 bound;  
 And also selling, for the merest song,  
 New stuff, exceptionally fine and strong.  
 Time fails to tell how many pretty faces  
 Will smile on you from stalls and other  
 places:  
 Or how the *Stage* will send her heavenly  
 stars  
 To beautify the best of all Bazaars.  
 Come, then, and pour your riches out like  
 rain,  
 For such a chance may not occur again.  
 So don't forget; the date is very soon—  
 Namely, the twenty-eighth and -ninth of  
 June.

Lest it should be wrongly thought that  
 there is poetical licence in the above, a  
 short corroboration follows in prose. The  
 Press Bazaar in aid of the London Hos-  
 pital, which is urgently in need of funds,  
 will be held on Tuesday and Wednesday,  
 June 28 and 29, in the Hotel Cecil.  
 Her Royal Highness the Princess of  
 WALES, with whom will be H.R.H. the  
 Duchess of YORK, has graciously consented  
 to open the Bazaar on the 28th at 2.30.

A very large number of the leading London  
 papers are providing stalls, of which several  
 will be devoted to specialties associated  
 with the Press, such as original drawings,  
 albums containing literary autographs, &c.  
 Numbers of Duchesses have promised to  
 sell; and there will be dramatic perform-  
 ances by all the quality. Tickets for the  
 plays—10s. 6d. and 5s.—may be obtained  
 from Mr. RUDOLPH B. BIENBAUM, *West  
 End Review*, 3, Waterloo Place, or from the  
 usual theatrical agents.

The price of admission to the Bazaar is  
 5s. up to 5.0 p.m. on the 28th, and 2s. 6d.  
 from 5.0 to 10.0: on the 29th it is 2s. 6d.  
 at any hour. The Hon. Sec. is Mrs.  
 SPENDER, 29, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W.

*Mr. Punch* will conduct a Grand Sub-  
 scription Sale, the prizes to include a Com-  
 plete Set of *Punch*; *Society Pictures* by  
 GEORGE DU MAURIER; JOHN LEECH'S *Pic-  
 tures*; CHARLES KEENE'S *Our People*; and  
 hundreds of other Books. No BLANKS.  
 Tickets, 5s. each, may be secured at once.

The special feature of *Mr. Punch's* stall,  
 to which he cordially invites all his friends  
 (or enemies, if any), will be Original  
 Sketches by *Punch Artists*; but all con-  
 tributions to his stock from any quarter in  
 the shape of drawings, even drawings of  
 large cheques, will be gratefully received  
 and instantaneously acknowledged at the  
 offices of *Mr. Punch*, 10, Bouverie Street,  
 E.C. To give quickly is to give twice.  
 But to give quickly and twice is better still.





### THE NEW CANUTE.

THE KING'S CHAMBERLAIN. "MY LIEGE, HAVE I NOT BID YOU SAY, 'THUS FAR, AND NO FURTHER'?"  
KING (SALISBURY) CANUTE. "OH, I DESSAY! I HAVEN'T SEEN A COPY OF YOUR SPEECH—BUT I THINK WE'D BETTER MOVE BACK A BIT!"







## COACHING.

"IN DRIVING, A GREAT DEAL DEPENDS ON THE SKILFUL AND EFFICIENT MANAGEMENT OF THE WHIP."

## "THREE MEN IN A BOAT."

AND so it came about that Mr. Punch's Representative, having been unable to attend at the *première* of the Opera written by Messrs. ARTHUR PINERO, COMYNS CARR, and Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, selected a later night (no offence to his musical Knightship), when, by the kind permission of his "friends in front," he was enabled to assist at the performance of *The Beauty Stone*. With these three clever men all in the same boat, and D'OYLEY at the CARTE-wheel, the piece ought to have been exactly what it isn't, that is, brilliantly amusing. To adapt the verse of Uncle Remus, we ask:—

O COMYNS CARR!

What do you do dar,

And ARTHUR PINERO (who, we hear, has sailed for the land of INSEN), regretting his complacent affability in yielding to the enticement, must be humming to himself, adapting the words to a Sullivan-esque refrain from *The Chieftain*:—

PINERO! PINERO!

My popular pet,

(*De capo, over so many times, increasing in intensity.*)

Mr. WALTER PASSMORE plays "the Devil." He is fearfully and ineffectively made up, and appears to be a kind of disappointed imp out of a pantomime, with little to sing, and nothing worth doing, in this uninteresting story. Miss RUTH VINCENT is nice as the lame heroine, supported by the entire strength of a crutch, which is not by any means the biggest stick in the piece, though to name names would be invidious. There is, too, a lack of "go" in the movements of the present Savoyard chorus-singers, as though the ancient traditions, taught them in their original Savoyard infants' school, "when all the world was young," were fast fading from the memory of such remnants of the *vieille garde* as are still "retained on the establishment on account of their past service" by a grateful management. As for the acting, it is, with the exception of the old stagers, rather amateurish. From a merely popular point of view, is there any song, or chorus, which anybody with an ear can catch and take away with him? Yes, just a march; but if any one takes that away with him there won't be much left that is ever likely to become popular. Ah! when will these three meet again? Ah!

And so, as LETTY LIND sang of the monkey on the stick, "we wish you all good day!"

Sittin' wid two ARTHURS,  
Writin' O-pe-rar?

I wish you had never  
These gentlemen met!

## AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

DE RETOUR.

DEAR MISTER,—At me in France during all this time I have been suchy occupied that I have not could to write to you one sole word. But in fine I recome.

Enchanted, dear Mister, of to resee you, onall—*surtout*—when the Convention of the Niger has resolved so happily the question between our two countrys. At what good to discuss without fine the frontiers of illhealthy marshes and forests *là-bas*, there down, in Africa? At what good to beat himself, *se battre*, for a villain country as that? Happily our two countrys are not beated themselves. *Ah ça, non!* Between two great nations the one can not to essay the system of "I win the head and you lose the tail." Ah no! For the other great nation guards herself well of that. Thus he must a system of "take and give." See there that which he must, and that which has so well succeeded at Paris. *A la longue ça devenait ennuyant.* I love not the things without end. As says the illustrious SHAKESPIR, "All that ends is well." I am ever of his advice. To you, dear Mister, representant of the great britannic nation, all my felicitations! *Vive l'Angleterre! Vive la France!*

I arrive there is eight days but I not have had any envy to go to the courses at Ascot. *Ah ciel, non!* I have said you often that I admire much of things in your country—the charming misses, the brave policemen, the judges and the advocates, the beautiful green grass, *ce fameux gazon anglais*, the carriages and the horses, *les habits d'homme*—the manly habits—and even the deputys. *Nous autres Français nous en avons, des députés!* But I admire not your climate or your bookmakers. What climate! What cold! What sad and lugubrious obscurity!

However, I am content of to revisit your great city, where one sees at present much of french things. There is some french pictures of the most superbs at the Gilthall, and of others, less superb and very *bizarres*, in a gallery of the *faubourg* of Knights-bridg. Several french painters expose at the Salon of the Royal Academy. Before little, *avant peu*, Missis BERNHARDT and COQUELIN elder shall play in same time some french pieces. And a french horse has gained your cup of Ascot. Our painters, our sculptors, our artists of the theatre, our horses of course.

Agree, &c.,

AUGUSTE.



Artist. "BOTHER IT ALL! I CAN'T MANAGE THIS FOREGROUND."  
Sympathetic Wife. "WHY TROUBLE ABOUT IT, DARLING! CAN'T YOU LEAVE THE FOREGROUND OUT?"

### DARBY JONES LOOKS BACK ON ASCOT AND FORWARD TO THE NORTHUMBERLAND PLATE.

HONOURED SIR,—It was, I can assure you, a Bitter Disappointment to myself and Friends that you did not deign to look in upon us at the Cosy Crib near Ascot to which I drew your attention in my last. I am not so Vainglorious as to suggest that the Loss was yours, but I can confidently state that the "Ball was kept rolling" at Appletree Lodge, Sunning Mount, during most of those hours which are consumed by Sybarites in Snores, Slumbers and Nightmares.

Baron BROCKSTEIN accidentally happened to have with him in his portmanteau a portable Roulette Board, on which he gave a good many lessons to FLIFLATT and some of his young friends, Sir MILKIE WAY (152nd Lancers), Mr. Tiptree of Tiptree Hall, Cheshire), Mr. BALDERKIN (heir to BALDERKIN & Co., the great Boot-varnish

people), Lord LEOPOLD LOTO (youngest son of the Marquis of RAFFLETON), and Mr. QUISHY (nephew of the Bishop of SKYE), whom we were all delighted to entertain as Right Royally as if they had been Princes of the Blood.

Only two mishaps occurred: the first when Sir MILKY and Lord LEOPOLD, at four o'clock on Thursday morning, insisted upon setting fire to the Drawing-room Curtains. Luckily, Major MACBLATHERUM and self extinguished the conflagration by a dexterous application of Soda-water Syphons, to the obvious disappointment of the gay Young Sparks. The other Counter-time, as the Gauls have it, was a somewhat noisy Difference between BROCKSTEIN and FLIFLATT, because the Baron declined to accept any more of the Oxonian's acknowledgments, commonly known as I. O. U.'s. KRITERION poured oil on the Financial troubled waters by going security in conjunction with Myself for the Collegian's indebtedness. The Baron was appeased.

Although I was not fortunate enough to salute you, Honoured Sir, on the Historic Heath, I encountered your esteemed acquaintance, Sir FRAISER PUNNETT, in the Paddock on Tuesday. He was attired most seasonably in a costly Sealskin Surtout, and exclaimed—I fancied it to be an International jest—"When Fur meets Fur, then comes the tug of war." I replied I did not take his meaning. He answered, "Then take my advice. Back *Herminius* for the Stakes, which are not likely to be overdone on a day like this. My source of information is an infallible relish for them." And so it proved to be. Sir FRAISER also very kindly, on the Cup Day, when I met him with a magnificent Rothschild Regalia in his mouth, significantly tapped it with his forefinger, and observed, "I hold the winner between my lips. It's no weed, but likely to go a-pace." I at once tumbled to his allusion to *Jacquemart*, a Noble Animal which I had neglected, believing him to be saved for other, though perhaps not better things. Nevertheless, Honoured Sir, you and other honoured patrons who know that my selections are always 1, 2, 3, should gratefully remember *Foston* and *Dianna Forget* in connection with yours truly.

I am certain that Sir FRAISER must have done himself uncommonly well over the week. If you would, in strict confidence, send me his Town Address, I should, for reasons which are neither here nor there, be extremely obliged. Meantime, I must urge Pegasus from the land of the pine to the banks of the Tyne, and endeavour to discover the champion that will follow *Bradwardine* in carrying off the Great Prize at Gosforth Park. The quadruped is running in my head. I plunge boldly into Minstrelsy.

Not for me is the Son of Miss Jane:

Neither *Spaniard* nor *Novice* should win;

While the *Whitehall Italian's* fain

To run well, if he'll only begin.

The *Clarendon* hope may be there

When *Charlestown* comes into the straight.

For the *Carrión King* I declare.

With stout *Herman*, in spite of his weight.

Amid the delighted cheers of Pitmen and Punters, I already hear your mellifluous voice exclaiming, "Well done again," and I know that your remark applies only to

Your devoted Diagonoser,

DARBY JONES.

THE ORIGINAL BALLY-HOOLEY.—The Financier who, a few years back, owned three millions of pounds sterling, and now, according to his own statement, is not worth "a penny piece." Terah-ble downfall, indeed!

SUGGESTION FOR AMATEUR PERFORMANCE.

—Why not *Measure for Measure*, at Merchant Taylors' School, *si nihil obstat*? It might be fitted. A good deal of "cutting out" will be required.

"SWEARING ON THE HORNS."—There is a talk of reviving this ancient ceremony, whatever it may be. We have known instances of "swearing at the horns," when coaches have been passing the darkened house of a man laid up with nervous headache. But this is another story.

SHADE OF SHAKESPEARE (*very shady*).—How about the fleet at Key West? "To be" there "or not to be" there, "that is the Key-Westion."





## THE LAST STRAW.

*Miss Effie has left her Sun-shade on the other side of the rivulet. The chivalrous young De Korne attempts the dangerous pass in order to restore it to her.*

*Obnoxiously Festive 'Arry (to him). "Ho, YUSS! DELIGHTED, I'M SURE! DROP IN ANY TIME YOU'RE PASSIN'!"*

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 13.—What with friends who stab in the back, foes who smite in the face, and the general prevalence of stupidity amongst mankind, the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD'S lot is not a happy one. Yet even his life has its oases of serene content. One bloomed to-night. House in Committee on Budget. Not the SQUIRE'S Budget, but another's. For him to sit on Front Bench an interested spectator; for ST. MICHAEL, buttressed by impregnable sweetness of temper, to meet and repel attack on the financial scheme of the year. Yet in one of its main provisions the Budget is the SQUIRE'S, as have been all that succeeded his great work of 1894.

*Sic vos non vobis nificatis aves.*

By his treatment of the Death Duties the SQUIRE built an ample, comfortable, nest, in which, through all time, Chancellors of the Exchequer shall snugly dwell. It is all very well for a Unionist Government to build ships, strengthen the army, succour the landlord, and sustain Church Schools. Where would they have been if the SQUIRE had not turned on the richly-flowing tap of the Death Duties?

Peculiar charm of evening is, that whilst ST. MICHAEL, the highest financial authority on the Unionist side, led the attack on the Budget of 1894, did all in his power to destroy it, it now falls to his lot to defend its main provision against belated

attacks from his own side. No one, not even that audacious mariner, CAP'N TOMMY BOWLES, goes so far as to suggest repeal of Death Duties. But insidious attack made on various details. ST. MICHAEL is obdurate in resistance, righteously indignant that such things should be

thought of. The SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, tenderly caressing his chin, looks on with pleased smile.

"Ah, TONY, dear boy," he said, "if ever you come to be Chancellor of the Exchequer—and why not?—remember that

"Only the Budgets of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

*Business done.*—Budget resolutions carried through Committee.

*Tuesday.*—Almost forgotten existence of JOHN O' GORST. Public mind so occupied with speculation on imaginary quarrels between the MARKISS and DON JOSE DE LONG-SPOON of Castile, that it has departed from its earlier habit of marvelling how long JOHN O' GORST would be able to endure the companionship of his colleagues, varied by wonder as to how long they would be able to put up with his irrepressible irony. With retirement of education question into background the Vice-President of the Council has gratefully and gracefully accompanied it. Never takes part in debate; has not for weeks varied monotonous question hour with his caustic wit: is rarely seen on the Treasury Bench. Which things are worse than an allegory. They are a distinct loss to a House of Commons that cannot afford deprivation of marked individuality.

A friend of mine retains an opinion, formed soon after he was returned unopposed for Sark, that JOHN O' GORST is, in all respects, one of the cleverest Parliamentarians appearing at Westminster during the last twenty years.



An Oasis of Serene Content.  
Sir W. V. H—rt.



THE ENGLISH EQUIVALENT.

[“The Prime Minister of Siam, having given dissatisfaction, has been degraded, shaved, and set to feed and tend the sacred elephant for the term of his natural life.”—*Daily Paper.*]

(We trust that Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain may never come to this.)

“It’s all very well,” says SARK, “to call JOHN O’ GORST Time-honoured educationalist. If his party had been wise, he would have been honoured in more substantial fashion. There is no Ministerial post he is not capable of filling. Just to begin with, he would have made a Leader of the House successful very much on the lines of DIZZY. ‘Instead of which’—oh, exquisite irony!—he was made Under-Secretary of State for India, with GRAND CROSS as his chief. That is the sort of thing that would have made SWIFT smile if he had been around at the time. When I come to think of it, I don’t know which is the more surprising commentary on English public life—that RICHARD ASHINGTON CROSS should have been Home Secre-

tary, Secretary of State for India, Grand Cross of the Bath, Grand Cross of the Star of India, first Viscount; or that JOHN ELDON GORST, third wrangler of his year, should have got no higher than a Vice-Presidency of the Council, and should hide his brilliant talents in the napkin of that shadowy body the Committee of Council on Education.”

*Business done.*—JOHN O’ GORST carries second reading of London University Bill.

*Thursday.*—Everything comes to the man who waits. JOHNSTON, peering over the battlements of the ancestral castle of Ballykilbeg, has long been waiting for opportunity to shoo half a brick at the Pope. At Belfast the other day, when JOHN DILLON was, as he told the House, “riding in the tail of the procession” of Catholics trailing their coat past the Orange quarter, he, by proxy, enjoyed the luxury. That a way of disporting yourself as second rate as it is second hand. What JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg yearns for is a go at ‘em in House of Commons.

To-night opportunity presented itself; dragged in by the hair by the piratical SAM SMITH. Joy of situation intensified by its unexpectedness. SAM SMITH, in spite of his buccaneering personal appearance, is almost last man one would associate with a row. Yet to-night he brought it on, thanks chiefly, it must be admitted, to that other peaceful parishioner, the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD.

Question before House report stage of Benefices Bill. Place nearly empty. What with Ascot and debate on second reading of East India Loan Bill, the stoutest members showed signs of collapse. But now, as in JOHNNIE RUSSELL’S day, cry of “No Popery!” suddenly sounded in a British assembly, has potent influence. Raised to-night in piping voice of the Flintshire Buccaneer, it brought back to him unwonted echo of cheering. Dinner-hour at hand; benches bare. The wind rose; the sea uplifted; and lo! the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, finding temptation irresistible, leapt in. Then was there fine fluttering, PRINCE ARTHUR joining in the sport, snapping at the SQUIRE, who briskly flapped back in return, till, as SARK says, “You couldn’t see the fishes for the foam.”

Natural conclusion of stranger in the gallery, accustomed to logical consequences in other places, was, that after this passionate outburst, the Benefices Bill would be torn in shreds. What really happened was that the hostile amendment was rejected by majority of 145, something beyond the present mighty maximum at back of Ministers.

*Business done.*—Decided by 220 votes against 75, to proceed with consideration of Benefices Bill.

*Friday.*—Suddenly, unexpectedly, completely, JOHN O’ GORST makes up for long silence noted in Tuesday’s entry. Moving Education Estimates in Committee he gives Voluntary Schools, to which last year his colleagues devoted large sums of public money, a knock-down blow. This avowedly done in best interests of a system he, as a devout Churchman, dearly loves. Best for its interest that he should be quite candid.

“These are facts I might suppress,” he said, “but cannot alter. They are most unpleasant to those who, like myself, desire the maintenance of Voluntary Schools.”

“That’s all very well,” said J. G. TALBOT, flinging himself sobbing on sympathetic bosom of his young friend and disciple, LORD CRANBORNE.

“Give me th’ avowed, the erect, the open foe.

Him I can meet, perhaps may turn his blow.  
But of all friends that Heaven in wrath can send,  
Save me, oh, save me, from a candid friend!”

“Well, now you mention it,” said CRANBORNE, thoughtfully, “I wish I could. I’ll speak to Pa.”

*Business done.*—That of the Church Schools, as far as they can be affected by an unimpassioned, authoritative, demonstration of failure.



THE PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE HOUSE.

“Quite still, please, and imagine you have been offered a peerage!”

Sir Benjamin St-ne.



Fancy Portrait—“Hook” of Holland, or “Hookie Walküre,” the pedestrian tourist.

[This ought to “catch on.”]



# BUCHANAN

## BLEND

### SCOTCH WHISKY

AS SUPPLIED TO THE  
HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.



The Secret of a Beautiful Skin

Soft, white hands, shapely nails, and luxuriant hair, with clean, wholesome scalp, is found in the perfect action of the POARS, produced by CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin purifier and beautifier in the world.

Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBURY & SONS, London. PORTER, DART AND CO., Sole Prop., Boston, U.S.A.  
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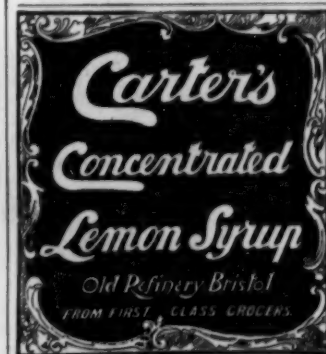
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